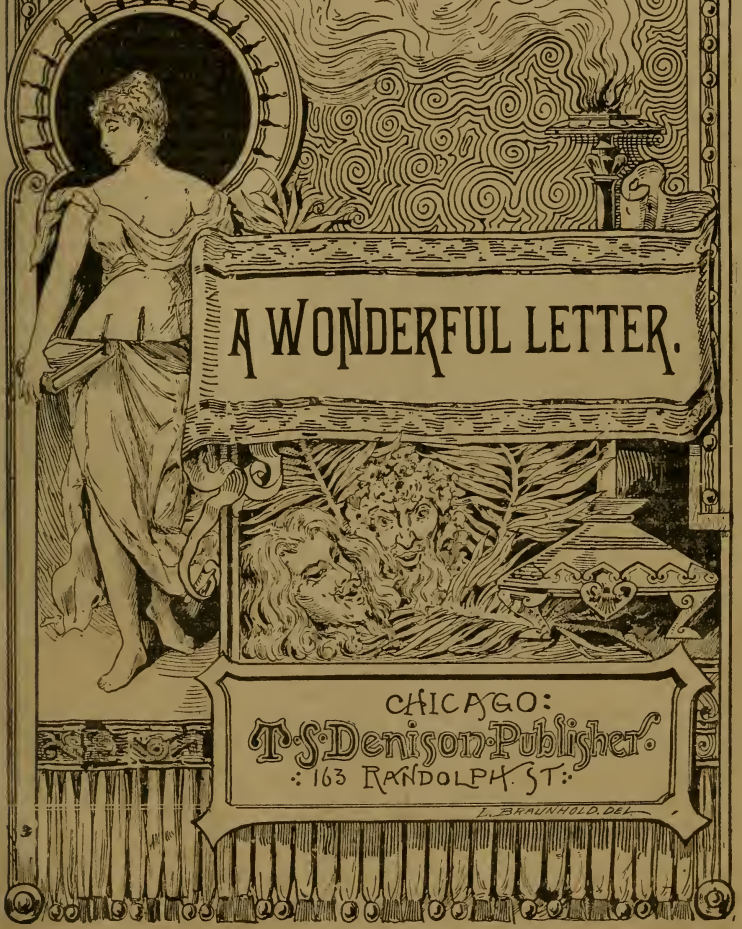
PS625
.T732

NO PLAYS EXCHANGED.

Amateur Series.

Price 15 ¢.



A WONDERFUL LETTER.

CHICAGO:
T. S. Denison, Publisher.
163 RANDOLPH ST.

L. BRAUNHOLD, DEL.

DENISON'S ACTING PLAYS.

Price 15 Cents Each, Postpaid. Catalogue Free.

	M.	F.
All that Glitters is not Gold, comedy, 2 acts, 2 hrs	6	3
All Expenses, Ethiopian, 10 min.	2	0
Assessor, sketch, 15 min	3	2
Babes in Wood, burlesque, 25 min	4	3
Borrowing Trouble, farce, 30 min	3	5
Bad Job, farce, 30 min	3	2
Bumble's Courtship, sketch, 18 m.	1	1
Bardell vs. Pickwick, farce, 25 m.	6	2
Back from California, Ethiopian, 12 min	3	0
Caste, comedy, 3 acts, 2 hrs. 30 m.	5	3
Cow that Kicked Chicago, farce, 20 min	3	2
Country Justice, farce, 15 min	8	0
Circumlocution Office, 20 min	6	0
Chimney Corner (or Grandfather's Mistake), drama, 2 acts, 1 hr. 30 min	5	2
Danger Signal, drama, 2 acts, 2 hrs	7	4
Desperate Situation, farce, 25 min	2	3
Deaf in a Horn, Ethiopian, 8 min.	2	0
East Lynne, drama, 5 acts, 2 hrs.	8	7
Family Strike, farce, 20 min	3	3
Fruits of Wine Cup, Temperance drama, 3 acts, 1 hr	6	4
Friendly Move, sketch, 20 min	5	0
Funnygraph, Ethiopian, 12 min	6	0
Home, comedy, 3 acts, 2 hrs	4	3
Handy Andy, Ethiopian, 12 min	2	0
Haunted House, Ethiopian, 8 min.	5	0
Homœopathy, farce, 30 min	5	3
Hans Von Smash, farce, 30 min	4	3
Hard Cider, Temperance, 15 min.	4	2
Initiating a Granger, farce, 25 m.	8	0
In the Dark, farce, 25 min	4	2
In the Wrong House, farce, 30 m.	4	2
Irish Linen Peddler, farce, 40 min	3	3
Is the Editor In, farce, 20 min	4	2
I'll Stay Awhile, farce, 20 min	4	0
Ici on Parle Francais, farce, 40 m.	4	3
I'm not Mesilf at All, farce, 25 m.	3	2
John Smith, farce, 30 min	5	3
Joke on Squinim, Ethiop. 25 min.	4	2
Jumbo Jum, farce, 50 min.	4	3
Kansas Immigrants, farce, 30 m.	5	1
Kiss in the Dark, farce, 30 min	2	3
Louva the Pauper, drama, 5 acts, 2 1 hr. 45 min	9	4
Larkins' Love Letters, farce, 50 m.	3	2
Lady of Lyons, drama, 5 acts, 2 hrs. 30 min	8	4
Limerick Boy, farce, 30 min	5	2
Lost in London, drama, 3 acts, 1 hr. 45 min	6	3
London Assurance, comedy, 5 acts, 2 hrs. 30 min	9	3
Lucy's Old Man, sketch, 15 min.	2	3
Michael Erle, drama, 2 acts, 1 hr. 30 min	8	3
Mike Donovan's Courtship, comedietta, 2 acts, 15 min	1	3
Movement Cure, farce, 15 min	5	0
Mrs. Gamp's Tea, sketch, 15 min.	0	2
Mischievous Nigger, farce, 20 min.	4	2
My Wife's Relations, comedy, 1 hr	4	6
My Jeremiah, farce, 20 min	3	2
My Turn Next, farce, 50 min	4	3
My Neighbor's Wife, farce, 45 m.	3	3
Not Such a Fool as he Looks, comedy, 3 acts, 2 hrs	5	3
No Cure No Pay, Ethiopian, 10 m.	3	1
Only Daughter, drama, 3 acts, 1 hr. 15 min	5	2
Our Country, drama, 3 acts, 1 hr.	10	3
Odds with the Enemy, drama, 5 acts, 2 hrs	7	4
On the Brink, Temperance drama, 2 acts, 2 hrs	13	3
Othello and Desdemona, Ethiopian, 12 min	2	0
Pet of Parsons' Ranch, frontier drama, 5 acts, 2 hrs	9	3
Pets of Society, farce, 30 min	0	7
Pull Back, farce, 20 min	0	6
Pocahontas, music'l b'rlesque, 1 h.	10	2
Parlor Entertainment, 25 min	2	5
Played and Lost, sketch, 15 min.	3	2
Persecuted Dutchman, 35 min	6	3
Quiet Family, farce, 45 min	4	4
Quar'some Serv'nts, Ethiop 8 min	3	0
Regular Fix, farce, 50 min	6	4
Rough Diamond, farce, 40 min	4	3
Solon Shingle, comedy, 2 acts, 1 hr. 30 min	7	2
Soldier of Fortune, comedy, 5 acts, 2 hrs. 20 min	8	3
Seth Greenback, drama, 4 acts, 1 hr. 15 min	7	3
School Ma'am (The), drama, 4 acts, 1 hr. 45 min	6	5
Stage Struck Darkey, 10 min	2	1
Stocks Up, Stocks Down, Ethiopian, 8 min	2	0
Sports on a Lark, Ethiopian, 8 m.	3	0
Sham Doctor, Ethiopian, 15 min.	4	2
Slasher and Crasher, farce, 1 hr. 15 min	5	2
Squeers' School, sketch, 18 min.	4	2
Sparkling Cup, Temperance drama, 5 acts, 2 hrs	12	4
Too Much of a Good Thing, farce, 50 min	3	6
Two Gents in Fix, farce, 20 min	2	0
Two Puddifoots, farce, 40 min	3	3
Two Pompeys, Ethiopian, 8 min.	4	0
Tricks, Ethiopian farce, 15 min.	5	2
Ticket of Leave Man, drama, 4 acts, 2 hrs. 45 min	8	3
Turn Him Out, farce, 50 min	3	3
Toodles, drama, 2 acts, 1 hr. 15 m.	6	2
Ten Nights in a Bar Room, Temperance drama, 5 acts, 2 hrs.	11	5
Two Ghosts in White, sketch, 25 m	0	8
Under the Laurels, drama, 5 acts, 1 hr. 45 min	5	4
Unhappy Pair, Ethiopian, 10 min.	8	0
Uncle Jeff, Ethiopian farce, 25 m.	5	2
Wanted a Correspondent, farce, 2 acts, 1 hr	4	4
Wide Enough for Two, farce 50m.	5	2
Which will be Marry, farce, 30 m.	2	8
Won at Last, comedy, 3 acts, 1 hr. 45 min	7	3
Women of Lowenburg, Historical Sketch, 5 scenes, 50 min	10	10
Yankee Detective, drama, 3 acts, 2 hrs	8	3

T. S. DENISON, Publisher, 163 Randolph St., Chicago.

A WONDERFUL LETTER

A FARCE IN ONE ACT

—BY—

COL. C. F. TOWNSEND,

Author of "On Guard," etc.

TOGETHER WITH A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES, SYNOPSIS OF THE PIECE, CAST OF CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES AND EXITS, RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

BRANCH OFFICE COPYRIGHT SEP 14 1889 24538

CHICAGO:
T. S. DENISON, PUBLISHER,
163 RANDOLPH STREET.

Copyright, 1889, *by T. S. Denison.*

1889

A WONDERFUL LETTER.

PS635
.Z9T792

CHARACTERS.

SAMUEL SKIPPER.
FILKINS.
JACK.
JUSTICE JUGGEM.
MRS. MALCRASHER.

SCENERY.

A nicely furnished room in 3d grooves. Door C.; Door, L. 2 E. Table and chairs L C.; valise on chair.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means right of the stage; *C.*, center; *R. C.*, right center; *L.*, left; *R. D.*, right door; *L. D.*, left door, etc., 1 *E.*, first entrance; *U. E.*, upper entrance, etc.; *D F.*, door in flat or back of the stage; 1 *G.*, first groove, etc. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

COSTUMES.

SKIPPER.—Stout, pompous, and excitable; age about 50. Summer suit, straw hat.

FILKINS.—Business suit.

JACK—Business suit.

JUSTICE—A German; eccentric.

MRS. MALCRASHER.—Age about 40. House dress; hat on last entrance.

PROPERTIES.

Valise; letter in envelope; large handkerchief; boots, hats, pantaloons, and other articles to throw in valise.

SYNOPSIS.

Samuel Skipper, a dancing master, is in no haste to marry his housekeeper as he has promised. Wearying of his constant excuses, she writes him a letter, which he asks various friends to read—as he is unable to do so. Each one gives a different version, and Skipper is nearly distracted. Finally the letter is read correctly, Skipper is mollified, agrees to the marriage, and everything ends happily. The farce is a favorite with comedians, and Skipper always makes a hit if well done.

Time of performance, twenty minutes.

NOTE.—Though this play is furnished with full directions for the stage it may be played in any ordinary room.

A WONDERFUL LETTER.

SCENE —A nicely furnished room in 3d grooves. Door C.; door L. 2 E.; table and chairs, L. C.; valise on chairs. Discover Mrs. Malcrasher at table.

Mrs. M. Four o'clock, and Mr. Skipper not home yet. It must be that my letter detains him. My letter! Ha, ha, ha! Wont that innocent little note trouble him though! It will serve him right after the way he has treated me lately. Why, since we were engaged Mr. Skipper acts like another man. He rushes into the house, swallows his meals, rushes off to the theater again, and I see no more of him for that day. And when I mention the subject of matrimony he flies into a rage, calls me a meddlesome old woman, and declares that he will never marry me until he gets good and ready. Wont he though! We—shall—see! The old idiot cannot read, and not knowing that I have laid a nice little plot to snare him, I'll catch him as sure as my name is Malcrasher. (*Exit L. 2 E.*

Enter Skipper, C. D., with an open letter in his hand. Looks hot and worried. Drops into chair, wiping face with large handkerchief.

Skip. Confound this letter! I repeat, most profoundly and emphatically, con*found* this infernal letter! I *must* learn to read. I believe that the devil himself couldn't make this out. The fellow who read it said it was from a Mrs. Hotch in Clinton Place, who wanted me to give her daughter dancing lessons. Off I go, post haste, to Clinton Place, and there learn that Mrs. Hotch has removed to Third Avenue near Harlem bridge. Taking her address, I set off on a wild goose chase for Harlem, where I get the pleasant information that the lady has gone to Europe. So here I am at four P. M., nearly melted (*Rises, comes down R.*) I half believe that fellow was fooling me. If I thought he was, I'd—I'd—I'd—

Enter Filkins, C. D.

Filk. You'd, you'd, you'd—what, Skipper? Is it a case of Shakespere, or—jimjams?

Skip. Neither one, Filkins—neither one; merely talking to myself. It's a habit of mine.

Filk. Well, I only stopped to say that the manager wants to see you at five o'clock.

Skip. (*Searching pockets.*) Much obliged—I'm sure.

Filk. What's the matter—lost anything?

Skip. Yes—my spectacles—can't find 'em anywhere. (*Suddenly.*) I say, Filkins, can you read without glasses?

Filk. I'm positive I can't read with them.

Skip. Then have the kindness to read this. (*Gives letter.*)

Filk. Certainly. (*Glances through letter.*)

Skip. Can you make it out?

Filk. It's very tough writing.

Skip. Yes, yes—I know—I know—but can you read it?

Filk. Give me time. (*Reads.*) "My dear sir"—

Skip. (*Impatiently.*) That's the way *all* letters begin.

Filk. (*Reads.*) "I have the honor"—so you are in debt, eh?

Skip. Yes, yes—I know—I know—I'm always in debt. But what has the letter to do with it?

Filk. Everything. (*Reads.*) "My dear sir"—

Skip. Oh, confound your "Dear sirs!" Read the letter.

Filk. (*Huffily.*) Read it yourself. (*Going C.*)

Skip (*Detaining him.*) Don't run off. It's all right. I—I can't find my spectacles, you know. Go ahead—read the letter.

Filk. Then keep mum. (*Reads.*) "My dear sir: I have the honor to inform you that I shall draw on you on the 15th inst. for the sum of five hundred dollars, long past due."

Skip (*Astonished.*) What is the name?

Filk. Blest if I can make it out. It looks like Brown—or—Smith—or—Jones.

Skip. Why, man, none of those names are alike.

Filk. Well—look for yourself.

Skip. (*Takes letter.*) It's horrid writing.

Filk. You are holding it upside down.

Skip. Yes, yes—I know—I know—of course I am. If I *only* had my spectacles!

Filk. Have you no creditors by that name?

Skip. By which name—Brown, or Smith, or—Jones?

Filk. Any of them.

Skip. I think not. But I say, Filkins, when is the fifteenth?

Filk. To-morrow.

Skip. Deuce take it—I haven't a cent!

Filk. Am dead broke myself, or I'd help you out.

Skip. Yes, yes—I know—I know you would, old fellow, and I'll take the word for the deed.

Filk. Well, good bye, Skip. Hope you will get out of it somehow. Remember—you're wanted at five. (*Exit, laughing, C D.*)

Skip. What in time is he laughing at? (*Glares at letter.*) I received this infernal note this morning. I asked one of my friends to read it. He said it was from a certain Mrs. Hotch who wanted me to give her daughter lessons in dancing. Filkins says it is from a Brown, Smith, or Jones, to whom I owe five hundred dollars. Now—if this comes from Hotch, it could not come from a creditor; and if it comes from a creditor, it could *not* come from Hotch? (*Pauses, then suddenly.*) Oh ho! I see! Perhaps the fellow who read it the first time gave me one of his letters by mistake. Yes, yes; that's it—that's it!

Enter Mrs. Malcrasher L. 2 E.

Mrs. M. Mr. Skipper—*Mr. Skipper!* I want to talk to you on a certain serious subject.

Skip. (*Impatiently.*) Oh, yes, yes, *yes!* I know—I know all about it. We will get married some day.

Mrs. M. When?

Skip. (*Carelessly.*) Inside of—oh—inside of ten or twelve years.

Mrs. M. You—you wretch!

Skip. Hey?

Mrs M. (*Sobbing.*) Oh, you shameful man! You horrid brute! You—you base deceiver! You don't love me, you don't. And you never, *never* mean to marry me at all, so you don't!

Skip. Nonsense. Of course I do. Be calm. (*Sits L.*)

Mrs. M. I wont be calm! I wont, I wont, I wont! I know what's the matter. I know why you are so cold to me. You have another lady love, so you have. Let me see that letter. I know it's from her.

Skip. Read it, read it by all means; but first tell me to whom it is addressed.

Mrs. M. Why, to you of course. (*Reads address.*) Samuel Skipper, Esq.

Skip. (*Aside.*) This is astonishing.

Mrs. M. (*Reads.*) "Deceitful man"—

Skip. (*Astonished.*) Hey?

Mrs. M. It begins "Deceitful man"; that means you, of course. It was written, I suppose, by some one who knows your character.

Skip. (*Aside.*) Filkins read nothing like this!

Mrs. M. (*Reads.*) "Deceitful man! so long as I had but myself to care for, I asked nought from my wicked husband who left me so heartlessly. I would rather beg my living than"—

Skip. (*Springing up.*) What in thunder *are* you reading? I gave you no such letter as that! That's not mine.

Mrs. M. Whose is it then? Oh, Samuel, so you are married!

Skip. I married? I? (*Searches pockets.*) Good gracious! I must be a walking postoffice.

Mrs. M. So that is the reason you kept putting off our wedding! Afraid of being arrested for bigamy!

Skip. Bigamy! Me! A bachelor commit bigamy? That must be Filkins' letter; and yet—oh, Lord!—she says it is addressed to me. (*Sits disconsolate.*)

Mrs. M. I have not read it all. Listen to the balance, you wicked, wicked man. (*Reads.*) "But since I am now the mother of two frail creatures"—

Skip. What!

Mrs. M. Two frail creatures!

Skip. (*Faintly.*) Is that all?

Mrs. M. (*Reads.*) "Of whom you are the father, (*Skipper groans.*) and whom you are in duty bound to support, (*another groan*) I shall need money. If you fail to supply it, I shall come to you with our children in my arms, and tell the world of your disgraceful conduct."

Skip. (*Pacing stage.*) This is a vile scheme! A foul conspiracy!

An intimidating, blackmailing plot! A—a—oh, damme! How is this one signed?

Mrs. M. I can't make it out..

Skip. That's what Filkins said.

Mrs. M. And so, Mr. Skipper, you really are married?

Skip. I swear I am not.

Mrs. M. I must have more proof than mere words can give.

Skip. What more do you want?

Mrs. M. If you are innocent, marry me at once.

Skip. Not for Samuel!

Mrs. M. What's that?

Skip. Exactly. Give me time, Mrs. Malcrasher, give me time.

Enter Filkins, C. D.

Filk. Come, come, old man! The manager wants you.

Skip. Oh confound the manager, and the theater, and you, and everybody! Here—read this letter again.

Filk. Certainly. You haven't found your spectacles yet, I suppose.

Skip. No matter. Read it again, and be sure you make no mistake. (*Gets between Filkins and Mrs. M., watching both narrowly. She signals, but Filkins does not understand.*) Well—are you dumb?

Filk. (*Reads.*) "My dear sir"—

Skip. (*Grabs letter.*) Now (*To Mrs. M.*) you read.

Mrs. M. (*Reads.*) "Deceitful man"—

Skip. There! Now I'm certain that one of you can't read.

Filk. Eh? You say that *I* can't read? (*Snatches letter and reads.*) "My dear sir: I have the honor to inform you that I shall draw on you on the 15th inst. for the sum of five hundred dollars, long"—

Mrs. M. (*Snatches letter.*) Do you infer that *I* cannot read? (*Reads*) "Deceitful man! So long as I had but myself to care for, I asked naught from my wicked husband, who left me so heartlessly. I would rather beg my living. But since I am now the mother of two frail creatures, of whom you are the father"—

Skip. (*Excitedly.*) But I am not.

Mrs. M. This letter says you are.

Skip. The letter be ——!

Mrs. M. Mr. Skipper!

Skip I mean it—I mean it all. I tell you, Mrs. Malcrasher that I am not the father of anything.

Mrs. M. You must prove it. I am going after a justice to marry us; and if you refuse I shall know that you are—

Skip. What in the—

Mrs. M. (*At door, C.*) Now, don't swear, Samuel. I shall be back directly. (*Exit C. D.*)

Skip. (*Holding up letter.*) A pretty mess you're getting me into!

Filk. (*Aside.*) The old chap is hit hard. I believe I'll give him another whirl.

Skip. Blast the luck!

Filk. I say, Skip, I want to ask pardon for the joke that I've been playing on you.

Skip. Joke? What joke?

Filk. Well, the truth is, I disliked to read what the letter really contained; so I made up a lot of nonsense, trusting that you would find your spectacles—

Skip. But I haven't found them.

Filk. Of course not, and yet I dread to read the letter.

Skip. Nonsense. Go ahead.

Filk. The contents are dreadful.

Skip. Well, well.

Filk. But if you insist

Skip. I *do* insist.

Filk. All right then; listen; but don't blame me nor Mrs. Malcrasher. (*Reads.*) "Sir! The insult you gave me last night can only be wiped out with blood."

Skip. (*Horrified.*) Oh, Lord!

Filk. "I followed your footsteps, and know who you are. To-morrow at 6 P. M., I shall call on you or send a friend. If you elude me I shall cowhide you at the first opportunity. JOHN SMITH."

Skip. (*Wildly.*) Merciful heavens! This is terrible! I must be going mad! Whom have I insulted—when, where, how? Holy Moses! I shall die!

Filk. (*Aside.*) That finished him! (*Aloud.*) I hope not. Duels, you know, are not always fatal. I should choose pistols if I were you Swords jab such ugly holes in a fellow. A bullet isn't half so bad. Now good-bye, and success to you. (*Exit C. D.*)

Skip. (*Gloomily.*) That's the worst of all. A duel! Great Christopher! Who can it be? First it was Hotch—next a creditor—next a woman with two frail creatures—and now a duel! I'm a dead man, sure. (*Pacing stage.*) Perhaps, after all, Filkins was lying again. Confound him! (*Looks off.*) Hello, there goes Jack as honest a soul as ever lived. I'll have him read it. (*At C. D.*) Jack! I say Jack! Come up!

Enter Jack C. D.

Jack. Here I am, old fellow. What's the row?

Skip. I want you to do me a favor. I've mislaid my glasses so I wish you to read this letter for me. And now, Jack, I depend on you to read it correctly.

Jack. (*Looks at letter.*) Why, Skipper, it's from the old lady.

Skip. What old lady?

Jack. Your mother. Listen to it. (*Reads.*) "My dear son. Jennie Smith, whom you doubtless remember"—

Skip. Oh, yes, I remember her. The ugliest girl living.

Jack. Keep still, will you. (*Reads.*) "Jennie Smith, whom you doubtless remember, has inherited a fortune of two hundred thousand dollars."

Skip. When I said ugly I should have said that she has fine eyes, rosy cheeks, and a beautiful nose!

Jack. (*Reads.*) "She has always cherished your memory"—

Skip. Her nose was perfectly lovely!

Jack. (*Reads*) "And I think her hand is yours for the asking."

Skip. (*With rapture.*) Oh, Jennie, my darling, my darling, I'm coming! (*Rushes about and packs valise with various absurd articles while speaking.*) I *knew* I should find a right solution to that letter at last. No more dancing lessons; no more work; no more bother! Hip, hip, hurrah! Oh, Jennie! Oh, that two hundred thousand dollars! Oh, glory! (*Looks off C.*) Oh—the devil!

Enter Mrs. Malcrasher and Justice, C. D.

Justice. Nix. Not der tuyful, but der petter half vot youst vas come to be, aint she?

Mrs. M. Yes, Samuel, darling, we will settle this affair if you please

Skip. (*Grandly.*) Mrs. Malcrasher, I request you to be silent. I also request you not to forget to remember, Mrs. Malcrasher, that I am no longer a victim of your plotting, Mrs. Malcrasher. I know the contents of that letter, Mrs. Malcrasher.

Mrs. M. You do?

Skip. I do.

Mrs. M. What are they?

Skip. A young woman of magnificent mind, lovely nose, dreamy eyes and two hundred thousand dollars, offers me her heart and hand.

Mrs. M. Don't be a fool, Samuel.

Skip. You will please confine your remarks to yourself, Mrs Malcrasher. My legal friend will confirm what I say. (*Gives Justice the letter.*) Be sure that *you* read it correctly.

Just. Oxactly. I reads him priddy gwick. (*Puts on glasses. Jack exits C. D.*)

Skip. Don't be all day about it

Just. Mappy you didn't like der vay I does, eh? (*Reads*) "To whom it may concern: Ven Sam Skipper, who can't read, and whom we vish to serve mit a pragdical shoke, asks you to read dis, tell him the first ting vot coomes to your mind." Yah, I dinks somepoty makes fools mit you, tont you, eh?

Skip. Who wrote that? Produce the villain! Wa! Ya! I'll mop all creation with him! I'll pulverize him! I'll everlastingly and eternally paralyze him! Where is he?

Mrs. M. Be calm, Samuel, be calm. It wasn't a "he." *I* did it.

Skip. You?

Mrs. M. Yes—I. I wanted to bring you around sometime, Samuel. Please say that you forgive me.

Skip. Forgive you? Never, Mrs. Malcrasher, never! I shall punish you by marrying you—on one condition.

Mrs. M. Name it.

Skip. That you will never, never, never refer to this again.

Mrs. M. I promise. (*To audience.*) And I trust that our friends, whenever they receive a puzzling note, may think of us and smile at the memory of our "WONDERFUL LETTER."

CURTAIN

THE ETHIOPIAN DRAMA.

Price, 15 cts. each, post-paid.

These plays are all short, and very funny. Nothing poor in the list. They serve admirably to give variety to a programme. The female characters may be assumed by males in most cases. Where something thoroughly comical, but unobjectionable is wanted, they are just the thing.

STAGE STRUCK DARKY.

A very funny "take-off" on tragedy; 2 male, 1 female. Time 10 minutes.

STOCKS UP—STOCKS DOWN.

2 males; a played-out author and his sympathizing friend; very funny and full of "business" and practical jokes. Time 10 minutes.

DEAF—IN A HORN.

2 males; negro musician and a deaf pupil. A very interesting question suddenly enables the latter to hear. Full of first-class "business." Time 8 minutes.

HANDY ANDY.

2 males; master and servant. The old man is petulant and the servant makes all sorts of ludicrous mistakes and misunderstands every order. Very lively in action. Time 10 minutes.

THE MISCHIEVOUS NIGGER.

A farce; 4 males, 2 females. Characters: The mischievous nigger, old man, French barber, Irishman, widow, nurse. Time 20 minutes.

THE SHAM DOCTOR.

A negro farce; 4 males, 2 females. This is a tip-top farce. The "sham doctor" can not fail to bring down the house. Time 15 minutes.

NO CURE, NO PAY.

3 males, 1 female. Doctor Ipecac has a theory that excessive terror will cure people who are deaf and dumb. His daughter's lover is mistaken for the patient to the terror of all. Only one darky. A capital little piece for schools or parlor. Time 10 minutes.

TRICKS.

5 males, 2 females. (Only two darkys, 1 male, 1 female.) A designing old step-father wishes to marry his step-daughter for her money. She and her lover plan an elopement. The old man discovers it and has an ingenious counter-plot—which fails completely, to his discomfiture. Time 10 minutes. Suited to parlor performance.

HAUNTED HOUSE.

2 males. A white-washer encounters "spirits" in a house he has agreed to white-wash. Plenty of business. Time 8 minutes.

THE TWO POMPEYS.

4 males. A challenge to a duel is worked up in a very funny way. Time 8 minutes.

AN UNHAPPY PAIR.

3 males, and males for a band. Two hungry niggers strike the musician for a square meal. Good for school or parlor, and very funny. Time 10 minutes.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 017 401 482 6

Any Play on this List 15 Cts. Postpaid.

Plays by T. S. DENISON.

ODDS WITH THE ENEMY.

A drama in five acts; 7 male and 4 female characters. Time, 2 hours.

SETH GREENBACK.

A drama in four acts; 7 male and 3 female. Time, 1 hour 15 m.

INITIATING A GRANGER.

A ludicrous farce; 8 male. Time, 25 m.

TWO GHOSTS IN WHITE.

A humorous farce based on boarding-school life; 7 female characters. Time, 25 m.

THE ASSESSOR.

A humorous sketch; 3 male and 2 female. Time, 15 m.

BORROWING TROUBLE.

A ludicrous farce; 3 male and 5 female. Time, 30 m.

COUNTRY JUSTICE.

A very amusing country law suit; 8 male characters. (May admit 14.) Time, 15 m.

THE PULL-BACK.

A laughable farce; 6 female. Time, 20 min.

HANS VON SMASH.

A roaring farce in a prologue and one act; 4 male and 3 female. Time, 30 m.

OUR COUNTRY.

A patriotic drama in three parts. Requires 9 male, 3 female, (Admits 9 male 15 female.) Four fine tableaux. Time, about 1 hour.

THE SCHOOL MA'AM.

A brilliant comedy in four acts; 6 male, 5 female. Time, 1 hour 45 min.

THE IRISH LINEN PEDDLER.

A lively farce; 3 male, 3 female. Time, 45 m.

THE KANSAS IMMIGRANTS; Or, the Great Exodus.

A roaring farce; 5 male, 1 female. Time, 30 m.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

A splendid farce; 3 male, 6 female. Time, 45 m.

IS THE EDITOR IN?

A farce; 4 male and 2 female.

AN ONLY DAUGHTER.

A drama in three acts; 5 male and 2 female. Time, 1 hour 15 m.

PETS OF SOCIETY.

A farce in high life; 7 females. Time, 30 m.

HARD CIDER.

A very amusing temperance sketch; 4 male, 2 female. Time, 20 m.

LOUVA, THE PAUPER.

A drama in five acts; 9 male and 4 female characters. Time, 1 hour 45 m.

UNDER THE LAURELS.

A drama in five acts; a stirring play, fully equal to Louva the Pauper. Five male, 4 female. Time, 1 hour 45 m.

THE SPARKLING CUP.

A temperance drama in five acts; 12 male and 4 female.

Plays by H. Elliott McBride.

ON THE BRINK.

A temperance drama in two acts; 12 male, 3 female. Time, 1 hour 45 m.

A BAD JOB.

A farce; 3 male, 2 female. Time, 30 m.

PLAYED AND LOST.

A sketch; 3 male, 2 female. Time, 20 m.

MY JEREMIAH.

A farce; 3 male, 2 female. Time, 25 m.

LUCY'S OLD MAN.

A sketch; 2 male, 3 female. Time, 20 m.

THE COW THAT KICKED CHICAGO.

A farce; 3 male, 2 female. Time, 25 m.

I'LL STAY AWHILE.

A farce; 4 male. Time, 25 m.

THE FRIDAY AFTERNOON DIALOGUES,

Short and lively. For boys and girls. —*Price 25 cts.*

FRIDAY AFTERNOON SPEAKER.

A choice collection. Three parts: for little folks, for older boys and girls, short pithy dialogues.—*Price 25 cts.*

SCRAP BOOK READINGS.

Latest and best pieces.—*Price per No. (paper cover) 25 cts.*

WORK AND PLAY.

BY MARY J. JACQUES.

A gem for the little folks. This is a book of both instruction and amusement. Part I consists of a large variety of very easy progressive exercises in letters, numbers, objects, geography, language, animated nature, motion, songs, etc. Part II consists of dialogues, charades, pantomimes, etc. ALL ORIGINAL.—Price, in Manilla boards, post paid, 50 cts.

T. S. DENISON, Publisher, CHICAGO.